

S4-F Company

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Summary: A work on permanent hiatus to examine the training program necessary to turn Marines into Spartan. Expect cameos from the Spartans as they ensure their future, violence to shape even hardened men, and anything but peaceful learning. Rated M for what should be one helluva training regime. If it's not, I'm not doing my job right here.

1. Prologue

So before anyone gets started, this story will be as accurate as I can make. meaning critiques about my training program is more helpful to me than you think. I am incorporating firsthand and researched experiences on this.

"Squad Legion reporting as ordered."

"At ease Spartans. This is an informal meeting."

"Sir, have we done anything wrong?"

"No Sergeant, I just want to hear from you and your squad about the training program."

"Yes sir."

MWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWM

"Spartans, Attention!"

As one the 700 marine stood at attention, their actions crisper and cleaner than any company of the UNSC. Even the slightest mistake would have them leave the program, and with it the honor of being a Spartan !V.

"At ease Gentlemen." Synchronized, the marines left feet snapped apart and hands clasped behind their backs in the perfect example of

military unease. "My name is Commander Thomas Ambrose S-B292, this is Lieutenant Commander Lucy Ambrose S-B091. Together we will be doing our very best to ensure that each and everyone of youâ€¦. Leaves this program. From here on out your rank will be cadet or cadet first-class. You will listen to your Drill Sergeants as your Gods, and if you are extremely lucky we will never talk again. I was told that only 300 of you will be able to transfer over to Phase II after the year training, but my Lieutenant Commander here thinks that she can get that number down 250. We will see. Any questions?"

"No Sir!" The men and women kept their faces blank as the words of this man let them understand that well over half of them would never make it.

"Drill Sergeants, take them away."

Instantly the hall was flooded with noise as the 50 sergeants, hand picked to be the best in the UNSC, curtailed the marines under their command and take them off to the appropriately barren barracks that would be the closest thing to comfort the marines would see in what would necessarily be a very long year.

Yes I named Tom and Lucy as having the same surname. Military procedure looks down upon first name usage, meaning they would have to have surnames for interactions outside the S2's and S3's. As far as I am concerned, the names are to show them as Kurt's kids and no sexual connotation is to be inferred. They're all repressed anyways, meaning shippers should give up now.

Any critiques are welcome. For the record: It is my hope to have one each month, extra this month as this is only my prologue, and for each chapter to be approximately 3-4 pages printed

2. Chapter 1

Meet the Protagonist: Lambda Platoon. I will be expanding more characters, but individualization will occur later. And get used to Drill-Instructor Leon, he is literally the single toughest thing in existence. Points if you figure out why and any of my other fun references.

MWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWM

The barracks were dead silent. Noise was a unnecessary side-effect of sleep, waisting valuable energy. The first night before training, everyone did what they could to ensure they would be at the top of their game. In hindsight they would all look back and know it had been foolish. Nothing could prepare a man to transform into a Spartan.

"Spartans, Up!"

Eyes snapped open as the 25 men and women rolled out of bed, landing on the ground and instantly standing at attention. What marched through their line was even crisper. A giant dressed in camouflaged panels that towered a foot over even the tallest man there, with a helmet that was a globe of gold on a constant swivel but never clearly showed who the giant looked at. The armor itself was a bizarre mix of ODST, a chameleon's scales and ancient Legionaires.

And where he strode, the immaculately straight bodies of the cadets; some young ex-special forces, others University wonder-children, others who were heroes in their old battalions; somehow managed to stand even straighter.

"My name is Instructor Leon, It is my duty to ensure that each and everyone learn exactly what it means to where the Spartan Eagle. From here on out you will be known as Lambda Platoon. Once we reach outside I'll be splitting you up into five squads. Well that's enough Chitchat. Get dressed, get outside. You have 10 minutes to run through that water and be outside dressed for PT. Anyone past that time gets to explain to his squad why the first thing they get to do together is a hundred push-ups. Sync?!"

"Sync!" The platoon yelled before instantly they began to sprint towards the freezing cold water, stripping clothes as they went regardless of gender. Pelted by the hail-like particles, Lambda Platoon ran through before diving for trunks and pulling out the stiff fabric they had been issued for use in PT. All the while, DI Leon merely paced the hall watching the various ways the cadets tried to handle the 10 minutes of chaos. His form an unshakable monument that sent shudders of fear through the cadets each time his faceless visage turned towards them. Finally he halted.

"Nine minutes! I want five ranks outside by ten."

Grabbing gear and shutting trunks in a flurry of dull clunks, the 25 cadets ran out of their barren barracks before beginning to line up in the square formation. While a few poor souls continued to throw on clothes, some of the quicker ones were already scanning the field. Filled with the hundreds of recruits, the yells of the DI were spread across the field that itself could hold multiple frigates. Amongst the generic colors of the grey uniforms, the 50 giants in SPI armor (according to one of Lambdas three ex-special forces) lorded over the groups.

"You have two minutes, to in total do 71 pushups, 90 sit ups, and then we get to have a nice 2 mile run. 12 and a half minutes. Female Personnel will stop the pushups at 60, and will be forming up separately for the run. Sync?!"

"Sync!"

"Starting position." The platoon dropped and kicked out their legs, ignoring the shaking in the ground as the other cadets in the company did similar. DI Leon followed suit, completely ignoring the fact that his armor weighed similar around 60lbs. "In Cadence?!"

"In Cadence!"

"Mark! 1. 2. 3."

"1!"

"1. 2. 3."

"2!"

MWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWM

The spartan turned her massive body, matched only by the newcomer, to face him. A quiet walker in the SPI armor, it made little difference. He knew that no one could have snuck up on her, not while she watched over Foxtrot Company's cadets as they worked, looking like a sea of movement from her height. Instead he gave the customary V and waited until she responded with her own before joining her on the central watchtower.

"Keeping an eye out?"

"Always."

"Think they'll make our standards?"

"Eventually. IIIs did in the end."

"How many have dropped?"

"Five on the first section, another 10 at least before the DI's are done for the morning."

"They still have to make it through the other parts of today."

"Yeah."

"Eyes sharp then. Menendez says he's in suit."

"Copy that. I think I spotted him once, but he's still tricking us."

MWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWM

The cadets ran in formation, twenty eight blocks of twenty five, minus the fourteen that had already dropped during the course of the test, each a impressive array of the UNSC best. The DI's weren't impressed, keeping up with the entire process while in the bulk of the SPI armor. Each a fearsome avatar indistinguishable from each other, already a handful of cadets had to be hauled away by one of the DI's. Literally, as one of Lambda platoon watched DI Leon pick up the unruly cadet before throwing him out of formation where another DI instantly took over.

"Attention!"

Despite the fact that at least a score of the cadets company wide were heaving out onto the grass, those who could manage went and stood to attention in there platoons.

One Di, in a feat of vocal power almost unheard of, spoke over the entire company "Platoons will follow their DIs to respective stations!"

"Lambda Platoon! You will have the privilege of getting to enjoy a pleasant mile walk over to the hall. There you will listen to your teachers with the utmost diligence. Rout step walking over there, cool down stretches as you walk. This is only going to get harder as you go, stretching is the least you can do for yourself. Sync?!"

"Sync!"

"Right face!" snap of feet resounded as the entire formation turned. "Forward, march!" The feet began in synchronized steps, the ground pounded flat beneath them. "Rout step, march!"

MWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWM

"So, Lambda, we have any actual humans still left?"

"After that PT? No, I think we're already a group of robots."

"Well that's boring. No names then?"

"Cdt. O'Meighan."

The speaker turned to face the woman who spoke, easily the shortest in the group nonetheless she was clearly in as good shape as the rest to had made it through the PT test. "Cdt. Alphonse. Call me Alpha" He stuck out his hand, despite the awkward angle of trying to reach through the formation.

She took it hesitantly. "Hey."

"Right, any others?"

"Man, if we came here for a meet and greet we would have gone back to basic for a week."

"Mission comes first, team second. Your at the bottom of your list. Seems to me knowing the team helps both."

"I got you. Name's Cdt. Diggles."

"Nice to hear you Dig."

"Whatâ€¦ Eyes sharp cadets."

The Platoon fell silent, looking forward to the amphitheater as they began to synchronize themselves in preparation for DI Leon's command. Marching, they entered into the darkened seats, lit only by the holo-projector and it's commanding AI. A shadow blocking part of it by one more giant, almost matching DI Leon in size.

MWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWM

Starting off by giving you an idea of how difficult I expect this to be. The warm up? 71 Pu, 90 Su, and a 12:30 2 mile. That's a 317 on the Army Pt test for guys; the gals special cutoff on pushups and the run comes to a whopping 351 for their scoring process, meaning I am being anything but gender biased against their ability. And now for you non-military people, a sense of scale: Special Forces officially stop counting points at 300. Spartans like a nice **warm-up**** to their day. **

**And, if you catch any timeline/detail errors, speak up. This was going to be Alpha company until my friend told me the timeline doesn't add up properly to have Tom and Lucy as company commanders

and I couldn't do my other planned cameos. **

Forgot to add for the Prologue: I do not own or have rights to any of Bungie or 343 Industry's property. Any ideas represented here are of my own making, and are made merely to show support for the creators of Halo's own work.

3. Chapter 2

Apologies, I've been having a very rough couple months and never got around to writing the next chapter until just now, not mentioning any of the other crap affecting me. This chapter has been on my mind since day one, as its mirror is one of the most informational single scenes in Fall of Reach and yet has very little actual uses in the book itself. So have fun, and take a look at my world of war.

MWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWM

The class sat down with little bustle to find crackers and milk at each seat on childish trays. That failed to stop them from immediately beginning to consume the food with relish, still exhausted from the morning workout. A few of the more impulsive Cadet-Spartans going so far as to try and steal any untouched crackers. That stopped quickly when they realized just how gifted each of the cadets were. A quick punch and the thief were quickly rebuked.

But all that stopped as the dark shape of an Mjolnir armored Spartan standing before the hologram moved. Very little, more like a twitch or a shrug through the thick armor, yet it proved to be more than enough to silence the class. Tapping the hologram once, the Spartan soon looked over to her companion. An AI of a young women in ancient gold-brimmed robes accompanied by a swan, the golden symbols constantly cycling through complex formulas indiscernible by the class as a whole.

"Greeting Cadets, my name is Maria S-062 and I will be your teacher along side Leda, the base's assigned AI. I will state now that anyone foolish enough to piss me off is going through that door as fast as I can throw him. Instructor Leon or one of the other DIs can pick you up when you leave."

The class remained silent, knowing full well that the Spartan could do that with ease if she so chose.

"Good, now, to begin. Leda, bring up the map."

What showed on the hologram was a large field, split by a decent sized river. Deep and wide, providing difficulty for any foolish enough to fall in. One side possessed a small town along with a large castle, the castle cresting a hill a little ways off from the river. The other had nothing more than woods and a hill that sloped down to the single bridge that crossed the ford. Soon a force became visible, moving out of the town towards the bridge.

"This is the city and castle of Stirling. Residing in the northern country of Scotland, Earth, it was to be a decisive battle to halt the English, the Scots southern neighbors, from crossing into the

Scottish highlands. The English, led by De Warrenne and the Treasurer of the English King, Cressingham, were determined to rout the Scottish army; led by the famous Scottish tacticians William Wallace and Andrew de Moray. Whom they wrongly believed were just a disorganized rabble of infantry glory-seekers, easily destroyed by the English heavy cavalry. They would be proven wrong at this battle and shake the foundation of cavalry as the unstoppable force of the battlefield. Similar in effect to our UNSC cruisers, in that FLEETCOM is famous for believing that wherever these ships went wars would end. Once the Covenant came this belief was shaken considerably."

The map began to solidify, with the English forming up with discipline on the southern end of the bridge. The knights in two columns to fit on the bridge and archers spread out in long ranks. On the northern side, peering through the trees, the hologram only showed a undisciplined mass of Celts. Bravely yelling and holding aloft wooden shields, large claymores, and thick, long spears; compared to the English they seemed to be just the rabble they were believed to be.

"Confusion began with the English when on the morning of the battle the key English general, De Warrene, slept in after a night of planning. Where he had proposed flanking from the natural ford a few miles downriver but was dissuaded by Cressingham, who was eager to avoid expenses and wished to end the battle quickly. Now, with Cressingham in charge and De Warrene still absent, the English decided to cross the bridge with a contingent of infantry, archers and cavalry and hold a section of the beachhead to prepare for a charge at the Scots still on the high ground. Moving his cavalry upriver and away from the Scots, Cressingham left approximately twice the Scots number to hold the bridge."

Once more the map began to flow, with the contingent of cavalry swiftly moving upriver as said, while the bridge remained thick with those trying to cross the narrow bridge towards the in. A river of humans spewing out into the delta at the beachhead, the procession seemed to be having little difficulties despite the over 2,000 Scots still uphill of them. The Scots began to yell louder and hell broke loose amongst the English in minutes.

"The Scots were famous for their abilities as charging infantry, being far harder than their English neighbors due in part to the hard life it took to live in their land. Those who managed to live to the point that they would go to battle being stronger and tougher than the average man. This reputation as assaulters would hold even with the invention of the machine gun and artillery. And it is easy to imagine the fear with which would have taken hold the English when the Scottish began to charge down on the formation forming on the bridge. Once amongst them, the English infantry found themselves outmatched. The bridge head was taken, and thanks to its narrow passage De Warrene, was forced to stay on the southern end of the river."

The battle played out, with the 5000 English infantry being cut down in a brutal melee while half their number could only watch from the opposite beach. With some of the doomed soldiers even throwing off their armor so that they could swim to the safer water. But the Scots refused to cross the bridge, choosing to remain where their smaller numbers could better defend themselves.

"Yet the English cavalry, under the command of Cressingham, were still capable of charging and retaking the Scottish position. For at this time, the heavy cavalry was still believed to be unstoppable. Except for one little detail."

The hologram froze, its shifting movement paused with soldiers in mid-step and the cavalry beginning to charge forward. Instead Leda gestured above the battlefield to form a new picture. A simple piece of metal twisted together into a tetrahedron to form four ends, each tipped with a razor point.

"The Scottish had invested in one of the simplest weapons ever, a caltrop. And though they might seem innocent to us, all it took was one horse to step on one for the entire English charge to be halted."

The hologram began again, the cavalry charging forward with their thick lances ready to strike down the Scottish infantry, only for the entire formation to begin to erupt with chaos. As the knights began to be dismounted by their own horses, eager to return to safer ground, half the Scots number charged forward and once again slaughtered the English.

"The English lost that battle, suffering over 5000 casualties from their force of approximately 12000. And though the English were able to destroy the bridge and slow the Scottish assault into English-controlled territory, other Scottish forces were able to destroy the supply trains of the English when they became slowed by Scotland's infamously boggy soil."

The image disappeared, instead coming to show a thin cliff trail leading up to a pass through the treacherous mountains. The pass held by only a small contingent of men compared to the hundred thousands that were taking the trail towards them.

"The Battle of Thermopylae used a similar approach, when three hundred ancient Spartan hoplites were able to hold off the Persians long enough for the Greeks to mobilize themselves for war. If not for their sacrifice much of modern culture would not have been invented."

Again the image changed, this time to show a city of ruins, artillery raining down upon the thousand of running soldiers as if the shells came from the sky itself.

"This is Stalingrad, gateway to Russia, and where the Russians proved that skill, not numbers would defeat the better equipped Germans. After suffering tens of thousands in casualties in suicidal charges, the Russians heel turned their entire strategy to combat the lightning strikes of the German military. Instead their veteran soldiers became proficient at what the Germans labeled Rattenkrieg, literally a 'Rat War'. The Russians used the heavy cover to send out squads with no sense of formation, instead taking kills where they could get them before once more tunneling back into cover with no sense of the battle lines the German's were used to dealing with. It was also at this battle where the Russians became infatuated with snipers, who were able to travel about in small units before destroying the German's careful formation's infrastructure while hidden from hundred of yards away."

The cadets watched as a single German officer was killed in his temporary command post, his killer unseen. But then the map changed again instead showing woods that were covered in snow, with hundreds of Russians spread out through it. Then they began to drop. First in squads, then in companies.

"They should know of the snipers capabilities, for the Russians had their own worst encounters. When in the Winter War between Finland, only a few years before WW2, they found an entire battalion stopped by one sniper named "White Death" by the Russians who were sent into his territory. He single handedly killed over 700 Russians in his single stretch of the woods, all in the course of a hundred days."

Suddenly the maps were gone, and instead Leda was shown walking between four soldiers. A Scottish highland with his wooden shield and Savage Clamore; A Spartan, his shield and spear held with a strength that belied even the physical feats of those in the room; A Russian woman, wrapped in a thick trench coat while her hands lovingly holding a bolt-action rifle that was little more than the standard issue rifle and a scope; and finally a small man wrapped completely in white holding a compact iron-sights hunting rifle.

"These soldiers have passed on many lessons to modern soldiers, and though we might try to restrict these lessons to just: channel the enemy and hit them from a distance, the actual message is more important that. No matter the soldier, no matter the equipment, or the training, or even the land about him; there is always another option to take on the enemy with. Even if he outnumbers you hundreds to one, choose your battlefield and choose the people you wish by your side. Victory is always possible."

"Spartans don't do the impossible, we define the possible and will always challenge that limit."

MWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWMWM

I had fun with this chapter mostly because the battles shown are some of my favorite in history and ones I highly suggest for the military history nuts like myself. I will admit that Stirling Bridge, like Thermopylae, is shrouded in a lot of epic mist. Nonetheless the message remains. But I really don't need to make up this level of epic, which just makes it that much better.

**I'm sorry if my posts seem infrequent, but school started back up and I'm having some medical issues alongside ROTC so sometimes writing just seems to take too much time. If you guys have anything military-style you want to see then please send them in with the comments, I take inspiration from everything I can. **

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End
file.